

SEDALIA PICK-UPS

As Collected by Ned Murrell of the Warsaw Enterprise.

Ned Murrell, of the Warsaw Enterprise, who visited in Sedalia last Friday and Saturday, has this to say in his paper of this week:

—Crowded streets and a lively rush of business.

—Ohio street is like the back of a dromedary.

—Several business houses are "closed for repairs."

—The "Senate" has new glass doors—so we heard.

—John Kaiser feeds more people than any house in the city.

—Gas pipes are being laid on several streets in West Sedalia.

—At least forty new residences are on the road to completion.

—The Daily Independent is worked on a Washington hand press.

—Arthur Stewart's mustache still resembles last year's peach crop.

—The "little village of Warsaw" is far ahead of Sedalia on a postoffice.

—Sedalia is one town out of a hundred that will support herself, regardless of country trade.

—Jim Woods claims to know Jesse James as well as anybody, and says that Jesse is still alive.

—Warsaw should see the cemetery at Sedalia. It shows that Sedalia people have great respect for the dead.

—A new brass band has been organized out of scattering musicians. They call themselves the "Independents."

—Chas. Roll, in company with his wife, intends coming to Warsaw soon to take a camp fish at the Pomme de Terre.

—Our enterprising lumberman, Mr. S. P. Johns, has sold his residence on Third street and purchased one on Sixth and Grand avenue.

—While in Sedalia, our friend, Mr. S. P. Johns, complimented us with a three hours drive over the city, pointing out the many improvements, new residences, desirable lots, fine dwellings, etc. To say that we were surprised at the size of Sedalia, would be putting it very light. A person only needs to drive through all her streets to be convinced that he was not aware of half her value. And it is indeed wonderful to note how rapidly the town is growing. On every hand, even extending to the suburbs, your eyes are greeted with the magnificent appearance of new dwellings. The business streets are crowded from sun-up till sun-set with her trading people, and the rattle of delivery wagons on every street, evidences what a tremendous city trade the merchants enjoy. It is a fact that the business men of Sedalia are more enterprising, more energetic, more lively, and gifted more with the spirit of get-up-and-gism than those of any other town in the country. With such men any town will thrive.

Attachment vs. Mortgage.

A very interesting suit is now going on in the Henry county circuit court before Judge Gantt and a jury.

Jacob Leon was a merchant at Windsor, Mo. He dealt in clothing, and claimed to have, last September, about \$14,000 worth of goods. On August 26, 1881, Leon executed mortgages on the goods to the First National bank, Sedalia, for \$1,200; Hebbeman, Nason & Co., of New York, for \$4,000. Subsequently he executed mortgages to other parties.

On the 6th of September, 1881, V. K. Hines, a merchant in Windsor; Abe Block, of Cincinnati, and J. Meyer, of St. Louis, attached the stock and put it in the hands of the sheriff, and by the order of the court the goods were put upon the market and sold. At the time they were attached the appraised value was \$10,700.

It is an interesting suit and is creating considerable attention. B. G. Wilkerson and John Montgomery, jr., of Sedalia; B. G. Boone, of Clinton, and N. K. Chapman, of Windsor, are the attorneys for the attaching parties, while Messrs. Phillips & Jackson, of Sedalia, F. E. Savage, of Clinton, and J. P. Allen, of Windsor, are representing the parties who hold the mortgages.

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram-shop whiskey beverage, but are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity.

For dizziness, rush of blood to the head, tending to Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Dropsy, Pimples and Blotches, Scrofulous Humors and Sores, Tetters, Ring Worm, White Swelling, Erysipelas, Sore Eyes and for young men suffering from Weakness or Debility caused from imprudence, and to females in delicate health, Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended.

Dr. Frazier: I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Weakness and Kidney Disease, and they did me more good than the doctors and all the medicine I ever used. From the first dose I took I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine one of the greatest of blessings.

MRS. M. MARTIN, Cleveland, O.
Sold by all druggists everywhere at \$1.00 per bottle.

HEPPEY & CO., Sole Prop'rs.
62 Vesey street, New York.

A Delicate Complaint.

He happened to press the foot of a young lady who was sitting next the door in getting out of a street car. The damsel, compressing her brows into an awe-inspiring frown, ejaculated:

"You clumsy wretch!"

Most men would have looked foolish and apologized, but our hero was equal to the occasion.

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "you should have feet large enough to be seen, and then they would not be trodden upon."

Her brow relaxed, her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, and the injury was forgotten.

AN ANCIENT WIPE.

Some Observations on the Part of a Handkerchief Over a Hundred Years Old.

An item having appeared in the BAZOO the other day with regard to a handkerchief of the respectable age of a hundred and five years, and on which a sort of a family record was worked in silk, one would naturally suppose there was nothing more to be said on the subject. As a mere matter of curious information, it would, and did, do tolerably well for a ten line item, and nothing more was thought about the handkerchief or its suggestive record of the birth of those who had been dust and ashes these many years. The reporter, however, was shown the ancient rag a second time; and, beginning to ponder on what its own peculiar history must have been, through what vicissitudes it had passed, how old it was, and yet showing only the softened yellow of a hale and hearty middle life, as the grey hair in so many handsome heads only serves to beautify them, and suggest the stronger hold on life, what was his surprise on hearing a soft and by no means unpleasant voice say:

"Yes, I'm pretty near old enough to vote."

The involuntary start on the part of the reporter only elicited a sort of velvet laugh which even a dull ear could recognize as belonging to the same soft voice. "Don't be frightened, young man," the same voice again said: "I couldn't hurt you. All I could do would be to wipe your nose, if that's what you need this spring weather." The handkerchief was lying spread out over the reporter's right knee. When the above speech fell on his ear, the ancient relic drew itself up together in the middle, and made a sort of bunch of itself, as if about to perform its natural office.

"Bend that horn of yours down this way if you want it wiped," observed the handkerchief, for it was that ancient relic which was talking.

"No, thank you," the reporter said, having wiped his nose the day before. "This is the first time that ever I knew that a handkerchief could talk."

"There's a heap you don't know; if you knew all that I do, you would be the wisest man in America. I know everything that has happened since I was the outside of a stick of flax, and that was away back in 1777."

"The deuce you do!"

"Yes, young man, I do. Just feel me a minute."

The reporter did so.

"Now," continued the handkerchief, "you can tell your friends forever more, as long as you live, that you have had in your hand the handkerchief with which Washington wiped the indignant tears from his eyes when the overjoyed and misguided colonists wanted to make him a king!"

The reporter's eyes widened with wonder at this statement.

"But," continued the handkerchief, "it has not always been a rosy life with me. There has been the bitter with the sweet, and I have seen and known the pangs of poverty and privation."

"How can a handkerchief know of poverty?"

"Easy enough. Don't you suppose that we love 'Cologne' and 'New Mown Hay' and 'Musk' and other sweet perfumes, which only those having money can afford, and which give us delicious breaths? Ah, yes, poverty affects us as well as you."

"When were you in such a strait?"

"It is a painful reminiscence," said the venerable wipe, with a sigh, "but as you seem to be a clever sort of a newspaper man and a faithful purveyor of news, I don't mind giving you a brief sketch of my dark days. I was living in Washington, soon after it had been made the capital of the country. Life was one gay round of pleasure, and on all brilliant occasions I appeared on the person of my young mistress, a fair girl of nineteen summers, with a form like Hebe's and a face rivaling Cleopatra's. She was sought after by the brilliant young foreigners who were connected with the different legations."

"One, a young Englishman, tall and handsome, proved the favored suitor and bore away my mistress as his wife. But he proved to be a gambler, and one night, in a gilded gambling room in New York, he was killed. His family heartlessly refused to recognize his widow, and as her own family were all dead, she had to face the wolf at her door alone and unaided. Pride would not let her accept help, though it was freely proffered. For two years she struggled and her privations were great. One day an old lover, grown rich, called on her and so earnestly did he plead for her heart that she yielded and they were married. Then there came back the glittering days of the past and I was most luxuriously treated. Children were born to this happy couple, and grandchildren came and great grandchildren, some of whom have held high places in the government. The changes in the family were those incident to all American households. The great west invited members of it to its wealth of soil, and I came along to do duty on Sundays and at dances. These were good times, especially at the dances, and their memory is very pleasant to me."

"So, then, you have had somewhat of a romantic life?"

"Yes, indeed, and if the grand sashem of your paper wouldn't mind you I could keep you here for hours telling of many interesting scenes through which I have passed, and of the births and deaths of a great company of people I have attended. But I guess you had better fold me up and lay me away, as I do not care to further detain you."

"Will you remain in Sedalia until your day is ended?"

At this the ancient relic quietly slipped from the reporter's knee and said no more. It was an interesting old talker, and some day it will again be interviewed.

—SHILOH'S COUGH AND CONSUMPTION Cure is sold by us on guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale by all druggists.

Marks Caught.

Information reached this city to-day that Wm. Marks, the young man who stole \$1,600 from the agent of the Pacific company at Denison, several weeks ago, and made his escape, had been captured in Texas, but the parties who arrested him have not turned him over to the company, nor will they do so until the \$250 reward offered is paid.

CRIMINAL COURT.

The Proceedings To-day—Indictments Found.

The jury in the case of the State vs. Wasson, charged with a felonious assault, brought in a verdict last evening, finding the defendant guilty and fining him \$100.

There were two cases against John N. Anspaugh, of Ionia, charging him with selling liquor without license. In the trial of one of the cases the defendant was adjudged not guilty, but the jury in the next case slapped a fine of forty dollars on him.

The case of W. F. Tennis, charged with bigamy, was dropped from the docket.

Mike Sullivan plead guilty to selling liquor without a license and was fined forty dollars.

John Pierce, charged with compounding a felony, gave bond in the sum of \$500, to appear from day to day, during the term of court.

The appeal of E. A. McCosken was dismissed at cost of defendant.

INDICTMENTS.

The grand jury handed in the following indictments:

One against Lon Van Wagner and Ira Bronson, for violating the game law.

One against Wm Calhoun, felonious assault. Gave bond in the sum of \$500.

One against James Riley for practicing confidence game. Defendant arraigned and a plea of not guilty entered. Crandall and Longan appointed to defend him.

One against Samuel Winston for grand larceny.

One against Wright Stacey for felonious assault.

One each against Sip and Martin Franklin for same offense.

One against P. B. Burch for same offense.

One against Smith Hutchinson for burglary and larceny.

One against John Wheeler for embezzlement.

No bill was found against Ousley Johnson.

The charge against William Watson was dismissed at the cost of the prosecuting witness, J. R. Brooks. Watson was charged with embezzlement.

The same disposal was made of the charge against A. C. Taylor, at the cost of A. C. Linton, the prosecuting witness.

The case of the State vs. Dr. William Brockschmidt, charged with the unlawful practice of medicine, was continued.

The case of the State vs. L. L. Bridges et al., forfeiture of recognizance was dismissed at defendant's cost.

Willie Edwards, the little colored boy who stole ten dollars in gold, was discharged from jail under the insolvent act.

The trial of Joseph McGraw, the old man charged with larceny of a lot of meat from Suedaker's packing house, is now going on. Col. Snoddy appears for the defense.

The larger portion of the time of the court, to-day, has been taken up in disposing of the indictments against John N. Anspaugh, of Ionia, charged with selling liquor without a retail license, and on Sunday. There were about a dozen of these cases, some of which were nolle prosequed, and in some the defendant was adjudged not guilty; but there are fines sufficient to cause him to go way down in his pocket for stamps enough to settle the bill. He, however, has taken an appeal to the circuit court, giving bond in the sum of \$250. Col. Snoddy is his attorney.

Jesse Beckwith, alias Hunter, who robbed farmer Norton, and fled to Kentucky, where he was arrested and brought back here, withdrew his plea of not guilty and plead guilty. He has not yet been sentenced.

Joseph Bostwick was fined thirty dollars for a felonious assault. He took an appeal, giving bond in the sum of \$250.

Alex. Bleckburn and James Fisher were each fined five dollars for playing cards on Sunday.

The case against J. W. Murphy, charged with having sold liquor without license, was not pro.

L. C. Offield was fined five dollars for not showing up as a juror.

Frank Martin, a cripple in body and purse, was fined forty dollars, on a plea of guilty of having sold liquor without license. Mr. Lamm, Martin's attorney, made a statement of the circumstances of his client to the court, and the fine was mercifully commuted.

Cornelius McHenry plead guilty to larceny. The charge of burglary was withdrawn by the prosecuting attorney.

The cases against J. Volney Ryan were stricken from the docket.

A jury found David Reesman guilty of having sold liquor without a license and fined him forty dollars.

The grand jury returned an ignored bill against R. Poland, charged by W. P. Jackson with illegal voting.

—For lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Note of Warning.

The BAZOO, this morning, received the following note, and it is given just as written. If the writer can slay human beings with the recklessness as he murders the king's English, somebody had better look a leedle on:

SEDALIA, April 2, 1882.
Mr. Editor of BAZOO In regard to Some Lines Published in your Paper about Mr. Jesse James you have Hurt our Feelings. You are not aware that he has warm friends Rite hear and Friends that would have Run any Risk for him and as we walk down Ohio street we see old Boots and Hats Stuck in the windows to create sensation and Draw trade it is a lie that boot never seen Mr. James nor did he take it as an insult to Mr. James and they had Beter Be taken Down. Governor had beter not visit this town. Bob Ford the Fiendish send a Band after Crittenden and 2 or 3 more will sufer for that.

Friend of HONORABLE J. JAMES.

—From numerous cases of dyspepsia and constipation, cured by the use of Fellers' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, after every other known remedy has been used in vain, its efficacy in restoring the functions of digestion and evacuation is manifest.

A FAMILY JAR.

The Recorder Applies Some Judicial Cement to it, and the Crack is Healed.

E. Zoelling lives in East Sedalia and has a daughter who married a carpenter by the name of Miller. Some three weeks ago Zoelling purchased a lot and began the erection of a house thereon, securing his son-in-law's services to help him. Some misunderstanding occurred between the men, and Miller declined further work. This unpleasantness continued without abatement and a cold wave swept between the two households.

On last Friday Zoelling's chickens made a foray into Miller's garden and began a lively war on his "truck." They were hastily put to flight by the irate Miller, a proceeding entirely distasteful to Zoelling, and the latter turned his tongue loose and poured the vials of wrath upon the husband of his daughter. For this offense Zoelling was arrested and the case had an airing in the recorder's court, this morning. After hearing the testimony pro and con, Recorder Fraker said that these family jars were delicate things to handle and advised the men to go home shake hands over the bloody chasm and live as becometh those who hold the relations that they do. He gave them other and further good advice and sent them away with his blessing.

Lewis Lee and H. O. Glenn both indulged in over doses of red liquor, yesterday, and became imbued with the idea that they could run a large sized town. They selected Lamine and Main streets as their battle ground, and when Henry Reed, Siebers' porter, came along, they made an attack on him. Henry slapped Mr. Glenn in the mouth which had a soothing effect on him. They were arrested by Officers Masonhall and Holliday, who found an open knife in Glenn's pocket and a couple of brick bats in those of Lee. They also had a "brick" in their hats. This morning Recorder Fraker fined the two valiant seven dollars each.

John Garrett, for associating with a prostitute, paid five dollars, or rather the money was paid for him by a well-known livery man. The girl, Mary Butler, with whom Garrett was found, was deserted by her companion and had to settle her own bill. 'Tis always thus.

—WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by all druggists.

Birthday Party.

A party was given at the residence of D. H. Evans, on Fifth street, last night, in honor of the seventh birthday of his little son "Stevie." There were probably thirty-five children present, and after enjoying a number of merry games they repaired to the supper room where an elegant collation had been served. After the supper had been disposed of, each of the children were presented with a neat present in the shape of candy, nuts, etc. Present were: Floy Hall, Lucy Ainsworth, Anna Jackson, May Hoffman, Fairo, Lillie Brown, Allie Frame, Harley Wilcox, Guy Aery, G. Eggleton, Millie Weaver, Eddie Walter, Edith Cooper, Lonnie Hochkins and many others.

The Otterville Train Robbery.

Now that Jesse James is dead, the following brief recital of the main facts in the above robbery may prove interesting: It was in July, 1876, that the James gang, consisting of Jesse and Frank James, Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Clell Miller, Bill Chadwell, Bobb Pitts and Hobbs Kerry, robbed the Missouri Pacific train at Otterville, thirteen miles east of Sedalia, in Cooper county. The train was stopped in a deep, rocky cut by obstructions placed on the track, and Jesse James and Cole Younger broke open the express safe and robbed it of \$15,000. None of the passengers were disturbed, but the robbers hastily divided the spoils and left for their hiding places. Hobbs Kerry was a green country miner, who was captured at Joplin, Mo., in August, 1876, while playing faro, and lodged in jail at Booneville.

While there, he made a full confession, hoping thereby to gain his freedom, but it did not avail and he is now serving a seventeen years' term in the penitentiary at Jefferson City. While in jail in Booneville, Kerry received several letters from Jesse and Frank James and Bob Pitts, all with a cross of blood at the head, and all stating that the outlaws had sworn to murder him when he came out of the penitentiary, even if there was but one left to do the deed. There is but one left, all the gang being dead or in prison except Frank James, and he badly crippled. This is a brief account of a robbery which created much excitement at the time, and which is almost without a parallel in criminal history for daring and successful execution.

Mrs. James' Movements.

Mrs. Jesse James arrived in Kansas City from St. Joseph last evening, and getting her little boy Jesse, who has been stopping with Luther W. James for the past two days, left for Kearney shortly afterward. She said to a Times reporter that it was her intention to take up her residence permanently in Kansas City within a week or ten days. She would not submit to an interview, asserting that she was nearly worn out and wished to have time to rest and collect her thoughts. She has undergone a great strain, which has told upon her and shattered her nerves, and she is much in need of rest and quietness.

Gov. Crittenden's Mission.

Gov. Crittenden arrived at Washington, D. C., last night, according to a special telegram, and was at once beset by newspaper correspondents for information in regard to the James matter. The object of Mr. Crittenden's visit is to assist to secure some legislation whereby congress will affirm the attorney general's recent opinion in regard to the rights of innocent holders of fraudulent titles to the Missouri swamp lands. Senator Cockrell's opinion is that no such legislation can be gotten through congress.

—SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

SAFE BLOWN OPEN.

Burglars Secured \$200 by Their Work at Calhoun Last Night.

Great Excitement, and Talk of Lynching if the Scoundrels are Captured.

From Mr. J. M. Snively, of Clinton, who arrived in Sedalia this morning, a BAZOO reporter learned the following particulars of a robbery which occurred at Calhoun, Henry county, about 1 o'clock this morning.

At that hour the general merchandise store of J. O. Edmondson was broken into, an entrance being effected by prying open the front door. This much accomplished, the burglars drilled a hole in the safe, placed therein a fuse, and, on igniting it, the door was blown off its hinges and landed several feet distant. The thieves then helped themselves to \$200, but left \$100, which was secured in another part of the safe.

The noise occasioned by the explosion aroused old man Pigg, who lived across the square from Mr. Edmondson, and he commenced ringing his large bell. This caused several people to leave their beds, and they commenced instituting a search for the cause of the noise, but too late to capture the cracksmen, who had become frightened and left as soon as the bell began ringing.

This is the third case of safe blowing open at Calhoun within the past two years, and the merchants there are becoming justly indignant. It will be very unhealthy for these scoundrels in case they are captured, and the BAZOO's informant thinks neither judge nor jury would be needed but, instead, their bodies would be hanging from the first convenient tree.

Jack's Drunk.

Jack Bohon, the farmer, who never comes to town without getting drunk, came near getting into trouble last night. As usual, he was greatly intoxicated when he started for home, and when he reached the residence of Mrs. Eliza J. Walker, in the southern part of the city, drove his team up to the fence and hitched it, after which he entered the house as if he was an old friend. Mrs. Walker had never met him previously, and seeing that he was drunk, felt not a little alarmed. Her fright was increased when, a little later, he made to her an insulting proposition, offering her a \$10 bill.

This caused her to leave the house and shout for help, which was soon at hand, but not until Bohon had taken his departure. When Mr. Walker arrived and learned of the affair, he was not a little indignant, and it is likely Bohon will yet have to answer for his conduct.

It is due the drunken wretch, however, to say that he probably mistook the house, and imagined he was at the residence of a prostitute who resides in that portion of the city.

—CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.

Takes the Biscuit.

Major Current, of the Independent, and Sam Maclean, of the Eagle-Times, have been dishing up for their readers some villainous poetry of late, and their efforts in this direction have placed them among the list of candidates for the asylum at Fulton. Below, however, is a stanza from the pen of the gifted I. Mac Demuth, which the BAZOO cheerfully publishes, hoping the two gentlemen mentioned above may profit thereby, and in future banish all dregery from the columns of their papers:

And now the organ grinder comes
Dread harbinger of spring,
With his organ slung across his back
And a monkey on a string.
And while he grinds his music out
That makes the strongest quail,
His monkey passes round the hat
And—thereby hangs a tale.

Mistaken in the Man.

"Grant came in with me," said Conductor Merrifield to a red-headed reporter on an evening paper, yesterday.

And out came Reddy's book for all the particulars.

"Who accompanied him and where was he bound?" were the first questions propounded.

"His wife and seven children," was the response.

"Didn't know he had that many brats," said Reddy. "Let's see; Fred, Nellie, Lysses—why, d—n it, Grant's only got three kids."

"No, you're mistaken; there are seven."

"Where bound?"

"To Texas, to locate."

"Grant going to Texas to live?"

"Yes."

"General Grant! Well, that beats h—n!"

"Oh, no; not General Grant. Emigrant, late of Indiana," and the ticket puncher walked off, while the red-head closed his book and started in search of a brick.

Nearly Lost His Life.

Mr. R. S. Hancock, of Hillsboro, Michigan, a gentleman about 55 years of age, came near losing his life at the Garrison house platform this morning. He alighted from a coach on the south-bound K. & T. train, while it was in motion, and fell backward between two of the cars. A brakeman named Burke grabbed him, and with difficulty held on to his coat until Officer Holland appeared and the thoroughly frightened man was rescued from his perilous position. It was a narrow escape, and no mistake.

Arrested for Theft.

Deputy Constable Ramsey arrested, this morning, two young men named Will Jenkins and Henry Teach, charged with stealing half a dozen shoes and horse brushes from the store of C. E. Ilgenfritz, on Friday last.

At that time they were working in Mr. Ilgenfritz' cellar, and were thus enabled to reach up into the store-room and extract the brushes. They were taken before Squire Webber, and on the evidence being heard, were fined \$1 each and sentenced to ten days in the county jail.

SEDALIA SIGHTS.

What the Nevada Democrat Man Noticed While in the Queen City.

C. C. (Lum) Wood, the sprightly young writer on the Nevada Democrat, visited Sedalia recently, and this is what he says of the trip in the columns of his paper:

The distance from here to the Queen City of Sedalia makes a nice little ride, and Wednesday morning was an excellent time to take the trip. The writer is convinced that it was a beautiful morning, for a lady who got on the train at Clinton positively asserted at least twenty times that it was "such delightful weather!" As she looked like a truthful christian lady, the conclusion was forced on the rest of the passengers that everything was perfectly lovely, the usual coal smoke and dust and a crying baby to the contrary notwithstanding. Arriving at the Garrison house depot and looking out for some familiar object, the astonished gaze of the country scribe fell upon a gorgeous metropolitan sight that bewildered while it charmed. It was the full length, round-limbed portrait of Miss Lulu Mortimer, who is to appear with the Rentz entertainment billed for that city Monday night next. A combination of so much woman and so little costume actually brought water to the eyes of the aged passengers, who put on their specs and looked long and lovingly on the gorgeous lithograph. The show will have a rousing house and no doubt it.